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to prevailing canons of beauty, boldly resolved to make the best of her physical deficiencies, which, by a clever arrangement of coiffure and drapery, could be made sufficiently pronounced to be declared original. Some artist of the woe-begone school doubtless stood godfather to the neophyte; perhaps it was Mr. Burne-Jones himself. Can no one give the name of the lady? It is indispensable to the historian of fashion of the latter half of the nineteenth century. We know that patches owed their origin to a distinguished lady—whose name I have forgotten—who wished to conceal a wen on her neck; that the fashion of very décolleté dresses was set by Isabella of Bavaria, who believed that she had a beautiful bust; that the long, loose gloves of modern times were invented to hide the fleshless arms of a famous French tragedienne, and that the clouds of tulle worn about the neck originated in the attenuation of the neck of the same distinguished lady. Probably the humps on the shoulders now fashionable originated in a device to conceal the deformity of some person of fashion. The corresponding hump of greater dimensions, I suppose can hardly be accounted for in the same way, and must be attributed to Caucasian envy of superior physical Hottentot development.

FASHIONABLE foibles in the dress of the sterner sex are no less identified with the accident of circumstances. Full-bottomed wigs originated in a device to conceal the fact that the Dauphin had one shoulder higher than the other; Charles VII., having mishapen legs, made long-tailed coats the fashion; Henry of Anjou invented long-toed shoes to hide a defect in one of his feet; and because Francis I. had his hair cut short to protect a wound in his neck, a close crop became the rule throughout the world of fashion.

THE results of the sale at Christie's of the celebrated Fountaine collection of Limoges enamels, Majolica, Henri Deux, Palissy, and Nevers wares, carved ivories, ancient coins, and old armor has more than realized the anticipations of connoisseurs. Seven thousand guineas were paid by Mr. Wertheimer for a large oval dish about twenty inches by seventeen, with sunk centre, in which Raphael's "Supper of the Gods," in colored enamels on a dark blue ground, is used by Leonard Limousin to introduce the portraits of Henri Deux, in the centre, Catherine de Medici on one side of him, and Diane De Poitiers on the other side. Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, is introduced as Hercules, and there are also portraits of his wife and child, the Emperor, and various winged females. All the figures are said to be authentic portraits, and they are finished with the care of miniature painting. A somewhat large dish, in colored enamels, by Jean Courtois, sold for 2800 guineas, and a ewer by the same master brought 2300 guineas. One of the most active bidders for these and other fine pieces was Mr. Edward Joseph, who finally secured, for 1250 guineas, for a member of the Rothschild family, I am informed, a fine antique-shaped ewer about eleven inches high, signed "Susanne Court." The ground is dark green, and there are numerous figures admirably executed. A detailed description of this splendid piece may be reserved for a future occasion.

A SALE of such importance cannot be dismissed in a few Note-Book paragraphs. So until justice can be done to the subject in a later issue of this magazine, I will content myself by simply referring now to the purchase of the three famous pieces of Henri Deux, which are among the finest examples known of this beautiful and extremely scarce ware. They were all bought for M. Dutruit, a great collector at Rouen. The most notable piece was the flambeau, about thirteen inches high, for which he paid 3500 guineas. For the exquisite little "mortiere à cire"—eight inches in diameter and five and three quarter inches high—M. Dutruit paid 1500 guineas. The "biberon"—nine inches high—formed as a vase, with handles on each side and across the cover, brought 1010 guineas.

THE subjoined figures are given by a Paris journal as showing the money spent since 1877 in the purchase of pictures from the Salon by American dealers. They are said to have been received at the United States legation: In 1877, \$701,000; 1878, \$630,000; 1879, \$1,051,000; 1880, \$1,392,000; 1881, \$1,668,000;

1882, \$1,997,000; 1883, \$1,754,000. The editor comments as follows: "Soit pour 50 millions de francs environ en sept ans. Et cela indépendamment des toiles achetées directement à nos artistes par de riches particuliers. L'impôt de 30% que les Américains se proposent d'établir sur les œuvres d'art de provenance française serait donc pour eux d'un assez joli rapport; mais cela ne suffit pas à le justifier."

THE American artists obtained no recompense, whatever, at the Salon this year owing to the tariff question. A portion of the jury, who considered that they had simply been duped by the agitation of the committee of American artists in Paris, which has been doing its best to create a movement in Congress favorable to the reduction of the thirty per cent tax on works of art to the former ten per cent tax, formed a cabal and hooted "Américain! Américain!" whenever any American picture was proposed for honors. The consequence was that no vote was taken on any American artist's work. Nevertheless it was recognized that, had it not been for this unfortunate incident, Alexander Harrison and J. L. Stewart would have had medals for certain, and that at least half a dozen other recompenses would have been awarded to Americans, so brilliant is the place they hold at the Salon this year. I may add that the majority of the jury are indignant at the conduct of the noisy anti-American cabal, which was headed by MM. Feyen-Perrin, Lansyer and what is called the Café Hollandais clique, and that next year the Americans may look forward to being compensated by very liberal treatment for the injustice they have suffered.

IN the departments of painting and sculpture, no artist having obtained the required majority of votes, no medal of honor was awarded this year. MM. Bouguereau and Cormon among the painters, and M. Mathurin Moreau among the sculptors obtained the most votes. In the department of engraving the medal of honor was voted without hesitation to M. Bracquemond. In the section of architecture no medal of honor was voted. The diversity of opinion thus manifested by the artists in the three departments of painting, sculpture and architecture shows at once the difficulties of the exercise of universal suffrage in art, and at the same time that there was really no work so striking as to thoroughly deserve the supreme reward of the medal of honor.

A VERY important collection of one hundred and thirty-four water-colors by Gavarni was sold at the Hôtel Drouot on May 26th. This collection, the property of the publisher Hetzel, who was the friend, and often the banker of Gavarni, comprised some of the artist's very finest works. Each of the water-colors, representing all kinds of characters of the human comedy at Paris, mostly single figures, was accompanied by an autograph legend. These water-colors were sold without the right of reproduction and at prices which are instructive and eloquent when we remember that less than twenty years ago \$20 was considered a high price for a Gavarni, and when you could buy for eight or ten dollars any amount of simple heads by Gavarni, such as now sell readily for eighty or a hundred dollars. I subjoin the most important prices paid: A usurer counting on his fingers, water-color over pen drawing, 1900 fr.; an amateur gardener among his plants, water-color with gouache, 1750 fr.; an old woman taking snuff with an important air—legend, "Pour lors, un soir, Talma me dit: Cora"—1700 fr.; a young man with a whip, 1600 fr. Twenty others sold for prices varying from 1500 to 1000 fr., and the rest for prices varying from 1000 fr. to 400 fr., according to their importance. Three of the finest were bought by G. A. Lucas for the Walters Collection in Baltimore, which already comprises upward of a hundred choice specimens of Gavarni's talent.

THE following, from The (London) Queen, is hardly reassuring to those who contributed the immense fund for purchasing the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It will, however, open the eyes of some sanguine persons who have believed the representations that the Museum could always realize a handsome sum by selling a portion of the collection:

The remarkable collection of Cypriote antiquities chiefly

found by the distinguished discoverer of Cyprus relics, Gen. Luigi di Cesnola, and partly by his younger brother, Major A. di Cesnola, which had been purchased by Mr. E. H. Lawrence, F.S.A., who thus contributed in an essential manner to the prosecution of the search, was finally disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge with a three days' sale, ending on Saturday last, the former sale in June last having dispersed a similar part of this interesting museum. The number of delicately formed glass vessels, found absolutely perfect after the lapse of something like two thousand years, was as astonishing as the graceful forms and beautifully designed ornament to be seen on nearly all the various objects. The taste for these ancient works of art is, however, too recondite to create anything like high prices, however great is the antiquarian interest attaching to them. Many really excellent specimens were sold for a few shillings, and scarcely anything in the collection brought more than five guineas; so that we may conclude the hunting ground of Cyprus is not likely to find many more such enthusiastic diggers as the Cesnolas and Mr. Lang, and, indeed, the subject has been pretty well exhausted by them.

MONTEZUMA.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN THE PARIS SALON.

IT is delightful to visit the Salon from year to year and to note the steady advance in merit made by the American women who have contributed for several successive seasons. One or two of them, to be sure, arrive at a certain degree of excellence and stop there as if paralyzed. Notably of this unfortunate number is Miss Elizabeth Gardner, who, for at least six years, has gone on sending her porcelain-finished imitations of Bouguereau; always the same two models in the same monotonous contrast of blonde and brunette, always without any advance in knowledge of composition, or in the expression of any sort of feeling, always wearisomely pretty yesterday, to-day, and forever. "La Coupe Improvisée" of to-day might be the "Girl and Bird" or the "Cage and Jailer" of any other year, for there is no variation existing in the memory of man concerning them. This seems, perhaps, to indicate that a certain amount of foreign artistic study is supremely beneficial to our ambitious young countrywomen, but that the usual feminine inclination to follow and imitate rather than to invent and discover petrifies them into feeble echoes of their masters.

Unless the writer's memory is at fault, the name of Nina Batchelor, of Frankfort, is almost a new one upon the walls of the Salon. Her hand is not new to art, however, as her picture, "A Naval Combat," distinctly proves. Not many pictures in the entire exhibition have more delicate firmness of touch, more refined freedom of manner, more poetry of color, more delightful treatment of the nude. The "Naval Combat" represents two lovely boys of eight and twelve, hip-deep in tumbling water, splashing each other with might and main. The face of one is turned to the spectator, the back of the other. The face turned toward us is running over with fun, a bright, joyous, innocent boy's face, reminding one somehow of a young faun's, and touching the heart with its sweet, delightful, and poetic infantile naturalism. Even the water itself, although beautifully rendered, has somewhat the manner of poetic fable, being not real water, but an ideal substitute, water in looks, although seen to be more transparent and ethereal than the heavier real fluid ever is!

Matilda Lotz, whose dogs are three years old in the Salon, sends two more of them this year. These two are upon the same canvas, and are called "Les Amis du Peintre." They are blonde and brunette, like Miss Gardner's perennial two models, and are as effective contrasts to each other as Landseer's "Pride and Humility." The canvas is larger and much more ambitious than any of this lady's previous contributions; and that her ambition was not over-vaulting is proved by the fact that she is hung upon the line. A painter's knapsack and umbrella lie upon the ground before the dogs, who look alert and expectant out of the picture. It is spirited work and good color.

Elizabeth Strong, of Bridgeport, sends also a "dog-scape" called "Diner en Famille." A dog and cat dine from the same dish before a weather-beaten kennel. It is rather a dull-colored canvas—the animals too low in relief amid the opaque greens—but the drawing is good, and the technique is conscientious, even if of, as yet, somewhat limited skill.

Mrs. L. L. Williams, of Boston, sends "Mange donc!" not goats this year, but a lovely young girl and a piquant canary. The technique shows this artist's usual delicacy of touch and disposition to deal with tints rather than with colors. The modelling is

somewhat too flat for vigor of result. Mrs. Williams's picture represents a lovely young girl of twelve or thirteen holding a crust of bread to the bird perched upon the lithe, bending twig in her hand. The pose is extremely graceful, and the broad plumed hat very becoming. The gown is dull grayish-gold with wide lace cuffs and collar.

Emma Cecilia King, of Brooklyn, sends a portrait, a pensive, oval face ensphered in light brown hair and black hat with feathers. A black fur tippet is wound around the neck, and the dress is black. The arrangement is of different shades of black upon a black background, out of which many-shaded blackness the delicate, fair face looks in slight relief. The picture, like most of the American ones this year, is skied, too high for one to distinguish any finesse of draughtsmanship or the quality of its brush work. It looks dusty, like Mrs. L. L. Williams's lovely portrait, finished just before the opening day, and hung amid clouds of dust, with the colors still fresh. It is evidently an idealized portrait, showing refined sentiment. Anna Klumpke, of San Francisco, sends a violin, sheet music, ornamental candlestick, and yellow autumnal flowers upon a dull, low-toned table-cover. It is not a particularly effective selection or arrangement of objects, but is so thoroughly well painted, so broadly and freely while yet definitely treated, as to be, while one of the least attractive, one of the best still-life pictures, of equal pretensions, in the exhibition.

ECCENTRICITIES OF FRENCH ART.

A SALIENT feature of the recent Salons, and especially of the one of 1883, has been an excess of brutal horrors, of which the "Andromache" of Georges Rochegrosse is a vivid illustration. That this offensive and hideous canvas carried off last year's "Prix du Salon" gives brutality and hideousness, when united with technical bravura and chic, a certain cachet in Salon art. Naturally, therefore, the Salon visitor this year feels relieved to see less of hideousness and brutality than might have been expected. There are fewer coarse and repulsive crucifixions in which every realization of divine suffering is lost in the repulsive naturalism of mere physical agony. Neither are there any interiors of the morgue, with disfigured corpses largely "en evidence," such as appeared in three instances last year. To be sure, repulsive death is not entirely absent—the Salon would not reflect French taste if it were—and we have several Revolutionary incidents in which corpses play the chief part in the scene; but, taken as a whole, the exhibition is more sane and wholesome than its immediate predecessor.

The influence of Rochegrosse's success is apparent in at least one canvas, Chigot's "La Mort de Matho," a subject inspired by Gustave Flaubert's "Salamambo." It is almost a direct imitation of Rochegrosse's "Vitellius" of 1882—a coarse central figure, as was the Vitellius, hooted at, beaten and buffeted by a confused, angry crowd. It would almost seem as if Chigot had copied even Rochegrosse's defects, for this "Matho" has the same cheap calicolike color, although a trifle more bright, than the Vitellius had. The "Matho" is not an admirable picture in any sense, unless it be in the fact that it imitates the barely tolerable Vitellius instead of the intolerable Andromache.

Two extraordinary canvases represent De Beaulieu, a pupil of Eugene Delacroix. De Beaulieu was the painter who defiled the Salon of 1883 with his loathsome "L'Alcool," a living mass of rags and putridity just shuddering into dissolution. Since the opening of the exhibition this painter has died, in destitution, and, as the Paris journals announced, "au bout de force." A knowledge of his work is scarcely calculated to make one mourn his melancholy end, showing, as it does, a determination on the part of the public not to admire such art. De Beaulieu had certain theories of color to which he adhered all his life, and he considered himself a martyr because the world did not accept his own illustrations of those theories—which proves that bad causes have their martyrs as well as good! De Beaulieu's color was as morbid as his imagination was, and in striving always for a gemlike brilliancy gleaming from fluffy masses of duskiness, a sort of lurid antagonism of light and dark, he achieved merely a glassy dazzle as unimpressive

as that of false gems. His pictures of this year are more than eccentric. They are called "La Femme à l'Ibis" and "La Fille aux Rats," and belong to that undiscovered but much imagined country which Hawthorne touched upon with such poetic imagination in "The Marble Faun," and Dr. Holmes with such poetic science in "Elsie Venner"—that region between humanity and animalism, not perfectly one or the other, yet partaking of both.

De Beaulieu does not treat the idea with tragic poetry, but with a sort of morbid grotesqueness. In this ibis woman, a humanly-formed creature with indefinite but very perceptible animal suggestions running all over her dark, thin form, and looking out of her dusky face, stands, half naked, facing the spectator. Her nose is animally hooked, her flesh weirdly unhuman, her outlines sombrely sloshy and uncertain, as if she might be half-nightmare woman and not a positive substance. Purple velvet drapery, with tulle cloudiness and circus-like spangles, covers her knees. Beside her stands an ibis, a spot of vivid scarlet contrasted with the mystic cloudy woman, and as sharply defined in forms as she is vaporous and uncertain.

The rat woman is of the same dusky substance and dissolving, Henner-like outlines, and looks at the spectator with great vague, horrible eyes. Her shoulders are thin, full of lithe, slippery, undulating insinuations. A long thin braid of hair, like a rat's tail, hangs from her head between her ratlike breasts; a jewelled belt holds up her balletlike, short white drapery; tattooed designs are upon her arms. The whole morbid grotesqueness of the fantasy is enhanced by a white wall behind its color-thrust duskiness. A rat is perched upon one shoulder, toward which the semi-human creature inclines her head, and rats play upon the ground at her feet. The whole spirit of these canvases is unnatural, unwholesome, and unredeemed by masterly technique. The color is displeasing, the brushwork slovenly, the drawing as fantastic as the imaginative idea. Yet here was a man who believed himself the last of the romanticists in a generation of polished and hopelessly sophisticated realists, and who died believing that none was left to wear after him Delacroix's mantle!

Another eccentric picture is Surand's immense "Les Mercenaires de Carthage." Surand is a pupil of Laurens, although his work bears little resemblance to that of his master. The scene is again from Gustave Flaubert's "Salamambo," and is described in the catalogue by an extract from that book. A crowd of barbarians, some mocking, some astonished, all grotesquely feathered and jewelled, half naked and brutally uncomely, one holding a leopard in leash and one a grinning colossal negro, are staring at a row of crosses, or rather of cleft trees hewn into rough cross-shape. Upon every one of these crosses is a crucified lion! Some have been dead so long that only bleached skeletons hang to the weather-beaten tree-trunks; others, half decomposed, still seem to writhe with horrible, agonized grimaces. In the centre, upon a newly-hewn tree, hangs one enormous lion freshly put to death, and with wide mouth stretched yet in a final shriek of agony. A spear wound is in his breast, from which the blood has scarcely ceased to flow, and only just coagulate in a dull red pool at the root of the tree. The trees bend beneath their crucified burdens, and flocks of crows darken the air. At first sight this canvas seems the expression of a horrible blasphemy. The extract from "Salamambo," however, explains that this was a vengeance of Carthaginian peasants upon the wild beasts ravaging their territory, and that they thus crucified "ces bêtes féroces," thinking to terrify others by their examples.

Surely, no picture in the whole Salon can come more aptly under the head of "eccentric" than the American Sargent's portrait of Madame Gautherau. It is depressing to look at this picture and, remembering what this clever, although always sensationalist, pupil of Carolus Duran has done in the past, to realize how he abandons true art and runs after the strange gods of notoriety and coarse sensationalism. This portrait is simply offensive in its insolent ugliness and defiance of every rule of art. It is impossible to believe that it would ever have been accepted by the jury of admission had the artist's previous successes not made him independent of their examination. Certainly, if the unlucky lady who is thus exhibited could hear the comments made upon her by the passing throng, she would cut it from the walls at any cost. In the whole

great exhibition, where nude and semi-nude figures so abound, there is not a more indelicate canvas. The woman stands with figure in full front view, the face turned over the shoulder in sharp profile. The black silk dress is perfectly, austere plain, without any softening of the sharp, cutting lines of which Sargent is always so fond, with lace or soft garniture. The bodice is heart-shaped, and but the merest hint at a bodice, having no sleeves, not even a band to imitate them, and being kept from falling off by silver chains over the shoulders! As if this were not sufficient exposure of the thin, ungracious form, the bodice is cut away in a V to the very waist, leaving the naked flesh bluntly exposed without a single protection of even lace or tulle! "Mais cette femme-là ne porte pas de chemise!" has been heard half a dozen times within fifteen minutes before this "eccentric" object, and its immodesty is so conspicuous that groups of "gommeux" and "flaneurs" pose themselves beside it to watch and grin at its first effect upon young girls as they unconsciously catch sight of it. The figure would better have been left completely uncovered, for modesty's sake as well as for art's. The first striking effect of the face is that of a female clown in a pantomime. The irregularity of the features shown in such sharp profile, the narrow, half-shut eyes with red upper lids, the sharp retroussé nose running almost grotesquely far beyond the normal line of the human face, the purple, pigmented lips, and the extraordinary complexion, looking as if not so much powdered as heavily and coarsely chalked, is absolutely that of a sawdust heroine. The face is quite equal in ugliness to the bald-browed and sharp-nosed Simonetta in the British National Gallery, but without the remotest approach to the Florentine painter's refined yet pungent skill. The drawing is bad, the color atrocious, the artistic ideal low, the whole purpose of the picture being, not an artistic and sensational "tour de force" still within the limits of true art, as Sargent's Salon pictures have hitherto been, but a wilful exaggeration of every one of his vicious eccentricities, simply for the purpose of being talked about and provoking argument. It is fortunate for the original that the portrait is said not to resemble her in the least, but unfortunate for the painter, who thus is proved anew to paint neither for art's sake nor yet for the subject's, but merely for the painter's!

One of Gérôme's pupils sends a highly finished, coldly colored, exquisitely drawn, Gérôme-like canvas, entirely unlike any of these before named, but still eccentric in a half-amusing, half-pathetic way. It represents the kitchen of a convent, with hooded nuns busy at work. A bright fire burns in the huge fireplace beneath the "marmite" where the convent dinner is cooking. A large willow panier occupies a prominent position in the left foreground, and over it a brown nun bends to thrust in her hand and draw out one of the fluttering fowls within. Two brown nuns sit upon a bench plucking fowls, the unnaturally but picturesquely bright plumage of the plucked birds lying in colorful masses at their feet upon the tile floor. The eccentricity of the scene is in the fact that as soon as the feathers are plucked from the "chickens" they are found to be jolly, round, plump little cupids, from which the amazed nuns vainly try to pluck the wing feathers, and which jolly little loves lie across the nun's knees like adorable human babies, creating, evidently, a strange commotion in those virginal, ancient hearts of which they take possession through either of two weaknesses—maternal or sentimental. Even the old nun at the fireplace has her profane dreams, for the steam issuing from the marmite circles around her bent, dun-colored form, a rainbow mist of young loves and babies!

One of the most disagreeable eccentricities is Bayard's "Affaire d'Honneur." A group of fashionably and richly attired women stand a little aside watching a sword duel between two of their companions. These two companions are naked to the waists, with large, unchaste forms quite in keeping with their worldly, unrefined, but handsome faces beneath wide, heavily plumed Rubens hats. They have dainty slippers, silk stockings, and shapely legs, largely "en evidence," and the whole picture is coarse and vulgar without alleviation, although of dainty and exquisite technique and rich color. It is one of the pictures of which one sees so many in every Salon, made with an eye to subsequent reproduction and the cheap renown and ready francs harvested by the photograph shops.

THE ART AMATEUR

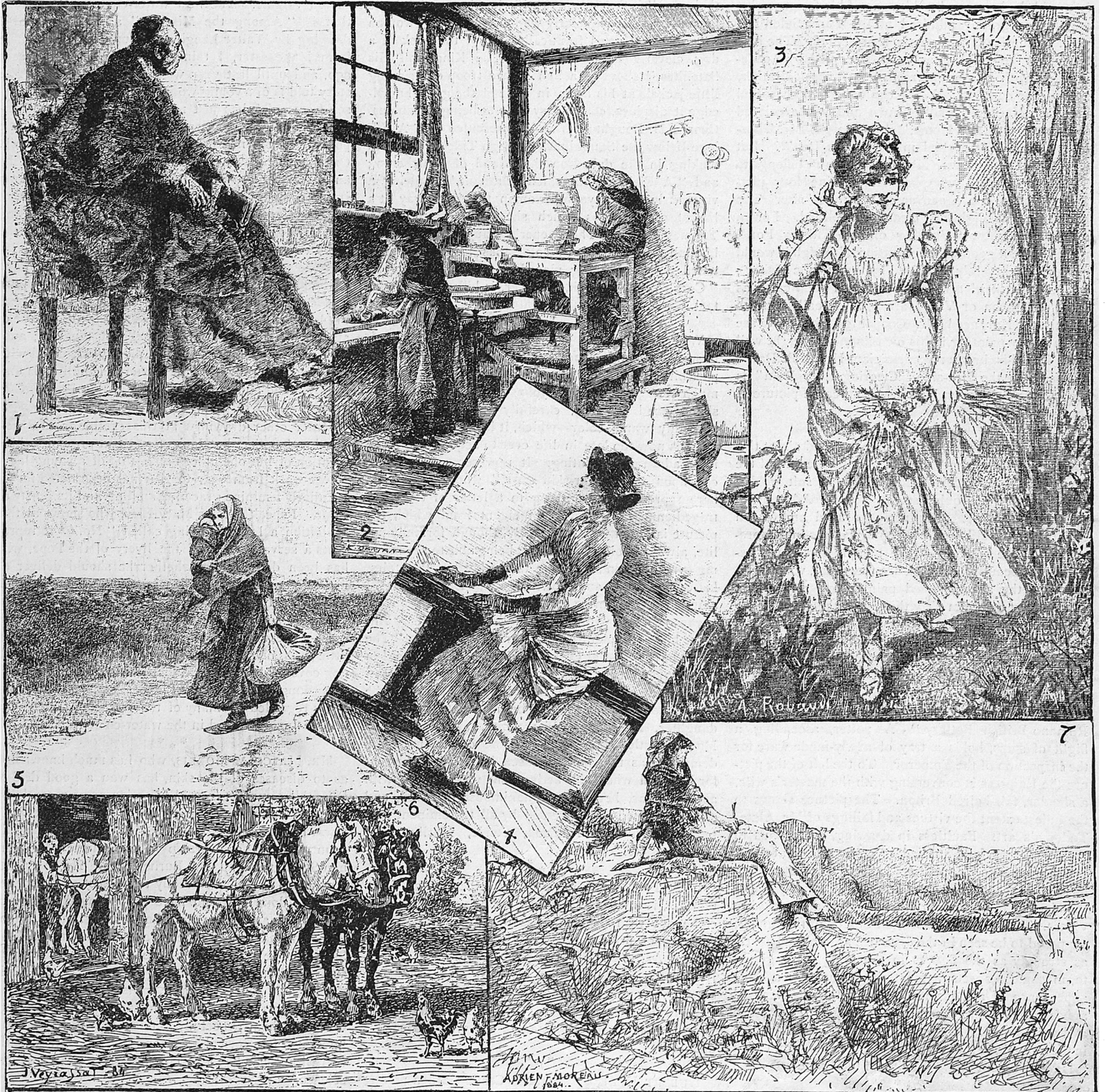
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PICTURES IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1884.

1. "A THEOLOGIAN." BY A. CASANOVA. 2. "A TURNER'S WORKSHOP." BY E. DANTAN. 3. "ÉCHO." BY A. T. ROBAUDI. 4. "ON THE JETTY." BY P. L. DELANCE. 5. "ABANDONED." BY L. E. ADAN.
6. "THE RELAY." BY J. J. VEYRASSAT. 7. "EVENING." BY A. MOREAU.